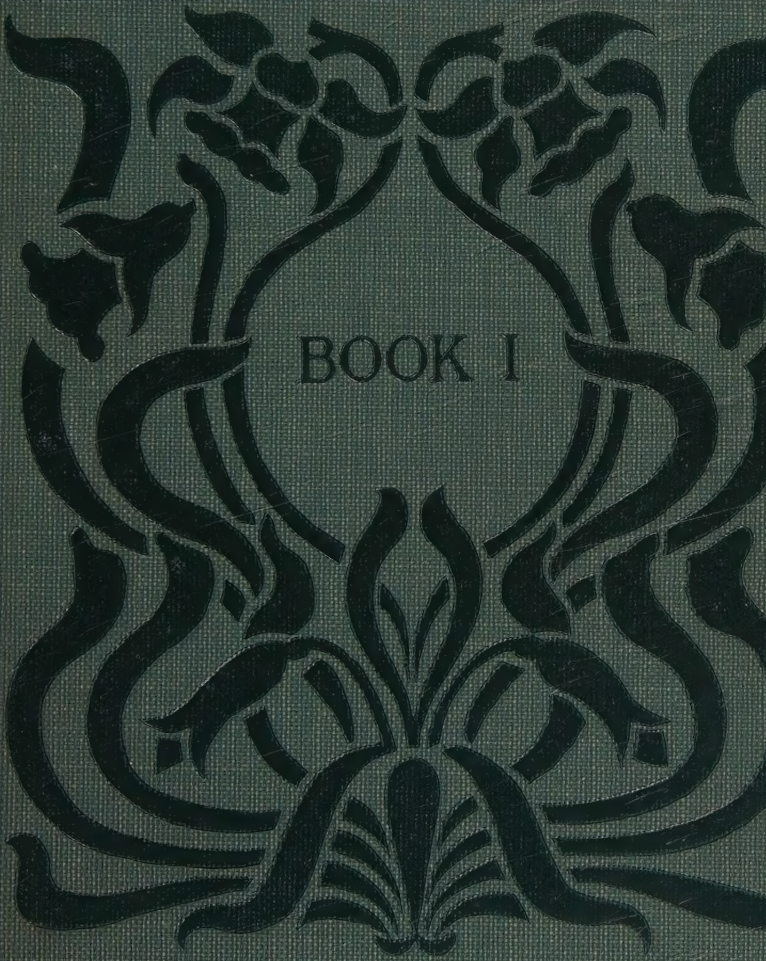


GOLD NUGGETS OF LITERATURE

A. O. TOWER



BOOK I

GOLD NUGGETS OF LITERATURE

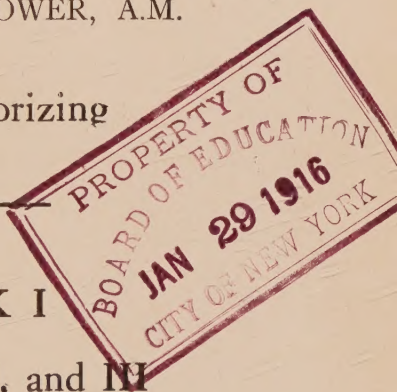
Poems for the School-room

SELECTED AND GRADED BY
ALFRED O. TOWER, A.M.

For Memorizing

BOOK I

Grades I, II, and III



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PREFACE

The object in adding another book of memory poems to the numerous volumes already published is to make available in one book poems really worth learning.

Books of poems for memorizing, in general, contain too large a percentage of selections which are not literary, and such books in the hands of inexperienced teachers or those not capable of literary discrimination have seriously marred the work of the school. Nothing but real gold will be found in this volume, unless exception be taken to the language and rhetoric of some of the national and folk songs, which, however, have other compensating qualities.

The arrangement by grades and terms will be found helpful, and will relieve the teacher of deciding what is adapted to each class. The grading of the national and folk songs is that which has been in actual use for several years in the schools under my supervision and was approved by the supervisor of music.

A supplementary list of poems has been added in order that the teacher who remains a long time in one school may vary the work a little from year to year.

The author's opinion as to the proper way to conduct the exercises in school may be found in the "Directions for the Memory Work."

A. O. TOWER

SHEFFIELD, MASS.

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Thanks are also due Mr. Henry Holcomb Bennett for permission to use his poem, "The Flag Goes By," and Little, Brown & Company for poems by Helen Hunt Jackson and Susan Coolidge.

CONTENTS

Kitty	<i>Anon</i>	I
The Wind	<i>Christina G. Rossetti</i>	2
The Lost Doll	<i>Charles Kingsley</i>	2
When Santa Claus Comes	<i>Anon</i>	3
The New Moon	<i>Eliza Follen</i>	4
My Shadow	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	5
The Raindrop's Ride	<i>Anon</i>	6
Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star	<i>Jane Taylor</i>	7
The Swing	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	8
The Secret	<i>Anon</i>	8
The Dandelion	<i>Anon</i>	9
Answer to a Child's Question	<i>Samuel T. Coleridge</i>	10
America	<i>Samuel F. Smith</i>	10
Yankee Doodle	<i>Richard Shuckburg</i>	12
Sweet and Low	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	15
The Moon	<i>Eliza Follen</i>	19
The Cow	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	17
Little Jack Frost	<i>Anon</i>	17
The Fairy Artist	<i>Anon</i>	18
The Dandelion	<i>Kate L. Brown</i>	19
The Wind and the Leaves	<i>George Cooper</i>	21
Farewell to the Farm	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	21
Little Raindrops	<i>Louise Colton</i>	22
A Christmas Carol	<i>Christina G. Rossetti</i>	23
The Wind	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	24
Young Night Thought	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	25
The Land of Nod	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	26
A Riddle	<i>Anon</i>	27
Daisies	<i>Frank Dempster Sherman</i>	28
Dandelion	<i>N. Garabrant</i>	28
The Tree	<i>B. Bjornson</i>	29

Bed in Summer	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	30
The Star Spangled Banner	<i>F. S. Key</i>	31
Old Folks at Home	<i>Foster</i>	33
All Through the Night	<i>From the Welsh</i>	35
Old Grimes	<i>A. G. Greene</i>	36
The Boy and the Sheep	<i>Jane Taylor</i>	38
Good Night and Good Morning	<i>Lord Houghton</i>	39
The Song of the Thrush	<i>Lucy Larcom</i>	40
April	<i>Anon</i>	41
Clovers	<i>H. L. Jelffe</i>	42
September	<i>Helen Hunt Jackson</i>	43
The Little Leaves	<i>George Cooper</i>	44
The Child and the Bird	<i>Margaret Sangster</i>	45
Christmas Everywhere	<i>Phillips Brooks</i>	46
The New Year	<i>Mary Zetterberg</i>	47
The Snowflakes	<i>F. D. Sherman</i>	48
The Moon	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	48
The Sky Bridge	<i>Christina G. Rossetti</i>	49
The Owl and the Pussy Cat	<i>Edward Lear</i>	50
Seven Times One	<i>Jean Ingelow</i>	51
The Runaways	<i>Kate L. Brown</i>	52
The Bluebird	<i>Emily H. Miller</i>	54
The American Hymn	<i>M. Kellar</i>	55
My Old Kentucky Home	<i>Foster</i>	57
Afton Water	<i>Robert Burns</i>	58
The Village Blacksmith	<i>Henry W. Longfellow</i>	60
Hurrah for the Flag	<i>Mary Howliston</i>	62
A Child's Thought of God	<i>Elizabeth B. Browning</i>	63
A Winter Song	<i>Emily H. Miller</i>	64
Jack Frost	<i>Anon</i>	65
The Rainbow Fairies	<i>Lizzie M. Hadley</i>	66
Little Orphant Annie	<i>James W. Riley</i>	67
The Tree, the Nest and the Eggs	<i>Anon.</i>	70
Four Leaf Clover	<i>Ella Higginson</i>	71

COMPLETE LIST OF POEMS BY GRADES AND TERMS

BOOK I.

GRADE I.

FALL TERM.

1.	Kitty	<i>Anon</i>	1
2.	The Wind	<i>Christina G. Rossetti</i>	2
3.	The Lost Doll	<i>Charles Kingsley</i>	2
4.	When Santa Claus Comes	<i>Anon</i>	3

WINTER TERM.

1.	The New Moon	<i>Eliza Follen</i>	4
2.	My Shadow	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	5
3.	The Raindrop's Ride	<i>Anon</i>	6
4.	Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star	<i>Jane Taylor</i>	7

SPRING TERM.

1.	The Swing	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	8
2.	The Secret	<i>Anon</i>	8
3.	The Dandelion	<i>Anon</i>	9
4.	Answer to a Child's Question	<i>Samuel T. Coleridge</i>	10

NATIONAL SONGS

1.	America	<i>Samuel F. Smith</i>	10
2.	Yankee Doodle	<i>Richard Shuckburg</i>	12

FOLK SONG

1.	Sweet and Low	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	15
----	-------------------------	----------------------------------	----

SUPPLEMENTARY POEMS.

1.	The Moon	<i>Eliza Follen</i>	19
2.	The Cow	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	17
3.	Little Jack Frost	<i>Anon</i>	17
4.	The Fairy Artist	<i>Anon</i>	18
5.	The Dandelion	<i>Kate L. Brown</i>	19

GRADE II.

FALL TERM.

1.	The Wind and the Leaves	<i>George Cooper</i>	21
2.	Farewell to the Farm	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	21
3.	Little Raindrops	<i>Louise Colton</i>	22
4.	A Christmas Carol	<i>Christina G. Rossetti</i>	23

WINTER TERM.

1.	The Wind	Robert Louis Stevenson .	24
2.	Young Night Thought	Robert Louis Stevenson .	25
3.	The Land of Nod	Robert Louis Stevenson .	26
4.	A Riddle	Anon	27

SPRING TERM.

1.	Daisies	Frank Dempster Sherman	28
2.	Dandelion	N. Garabrant	28
3.	The Tree	B. Bjornson	29
4.	Bed in Summer	Robert Louis Stevenson .	30

NATIONAL SONG.

1.	The Star Spangled Banner	F. S. Key	31
----	------------------------------------	---------------------	----

FOLK SONGS.

1.	Old Folks at Home	Foster	33
2.	All Through the Night	From the Welsh	35
3.	Old Grimes	A. G. Greene	36

SUPPLEMENTARY POEMS.

1.	The Boy and the Sheep	Jane Taylor	38
2.	Good Night and Good Morning	Lord Houghton	39
3.	The Song of the Thrush	Lucy Larcom	40
4.	April	Anon	41
5.	Clovers	H. L. Jelffe	42

GRADE III.

FALL TERM.

1.	September	Helen Hunt Jackson .	43
2.	The Little Leaves	George Cooper	44
3.	The Child and the Bird	Margaret Sangster	45
4.	Christmas Everywhere	Phillips Brooks	46

WINTER TERM.

1.	The New Year	Mary Zetterberg	47
2.	The Snowflakes	F. D. Sherman	48
3.	The Moon	Robert Louis Stevenson .	48
4.	The Sky Bridge	Christina G. Rossetti .	49

SPRING TERM.

1.	The Owl and the Pussy Cat	Edward Lear	50
2.	Seven Times One	Jean Ingelow	51
3.	The Runaways	Kate L. Brown	52
4.	The Bluebird	Emily H. Miller	54

NATIONAL SONG

1.	The American Hymn	M. Kellar	55
----	-----------------------------	---------------------	----

List of Poems

V

FOLK SONGS.

1. My Old Kentucky Home *Foster* 57
2. Afton Water *Robert Burns* 58

SUPPLEMENTARY POEMS.

1. The Village Blacksmith *Henry W. Longfellow* 60
2. Hurrah for the Flag *Mary Howliston* 62
3. A Child's Thought of God *Elizabeth B. Browning* 63
4. A Winter Song *Emily H. Miller* 64
5. Jack Frost *Anon.* 65
6. The Rainbow Fairies *Lizzie M. Hadley* 66
7. Little Orphant Annie *James W. Riley* 67
8. The Tree, the Nest and the Eggs *Anon.* 70
9. Four Leaf Clover *Ella Higginson* 71

BOOK II.

GRADE IV.

FALL TERM.

1. The Child's World *W. B. Rands* 73
2. October's Bright Blue Weather *Helen Hunt Jackson* 74
3. How the Leaves Came Down *Susan Coolidge* 75
4. A Visit from St. Nicholas *C. Moore* 77

WINTER TERM.

1. Jack Frost *Hannah F. Gould* 80
2. March *Lucy Larcom* 81
3. Romance *G. Letoun* 82
4. Night with a Wolf *Bayard Taylor* 83
5. The Man in the Moon *Anon.* 85

SPRING TERM.

1. The Flag in Nature *S. F. Smith* 86
2. Fairy Folk *Alice Cary* 87
3. What Robin Told *George Cooper* 88
4. The Violet *Jane Taylor* 89

NATIONAL SONG.

1. Columbia, The Gem of the Ocean *Shaw* 90

FOLK SONGS.

1. Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground *Foster* 91
2. The Old Oaken Bucket *Samuel Woodworth* 92
3. The Bluebells of Scotland *Mrs. Jordan* 94

SUPPLEMENTARY POEMS.

1. The Night Wind *Eugene Field* 95
2. Thanksgiving Day *Lydia Maria Child* 97
3. The Vowels *Jonathan Swift* 98

List of Poems

4.	One, Two, Three	<i>H. C. Bunner</i>	99
5.	The Arbutus	<i>Anon.</i>	101
6.	The Kitten and the Falling Leaves	<i>Wordsworth</i>	102
7.	A Christmas Carol	<i>Old English</i>	103

GRADE V.

FALL TERM.

1.	To the Fringed Gentian	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i>	105
2.	The Corn Song	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i>	106
3.	The Wind and the Moon	<i>George Macdonald</i>	107
4.	My Country	<i>Hesperion</i>	109
5.	The Christmas Tree	<i>Mary A. McHugh</i>	110

WINTER TERM.

1.	The First Snowfall	<i>James Russell Lowell</i>	111
2.	Winter Apples	<i>Whitney</i>	113
3.	The Landing of the Pilgrims	<i>F. Hemans</i>	114
4.	The Arab to His Favorite Steed	<i>C. E. S. Norton</i>	116

SPRING TERM.

1.	The Tiger	<i>William Blake</i>	120
2.	A Laughing Chorus	<i>Anon.</i>	121
3.	April	<i>J. G. Whittier</i>	123
4.	The Yellow Violet	<i>W. C. Bryant.</i>	123
5.	The Blue and the Gray	<i>Francis Miles Finch.</i>	125

NATIONAL SONG.

1.	Battle Hymn of the Republic	<i>Julia Ward Howe</i>	128
----	---------------------------------------	----------------------------------	-----

FOLK SONGS.

1.	Annie Laurie	<i>W. Douglas and Lady Scott</i>	130
2.	Old Black Joe	<i>S. C. Foster</i>	131

SUPPLEMENTARY POEMS.

1.	The Windy Night	<i>Thomas B. Read</i>	132
2.	The Death of the Flowers	<i>W. C. Bryant.</i>	134
3.	The Flag Goes By	<i>H. H. Bennett</i>	136
4.	Snowflakes	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	138
5.	The Mountain and the Squirrel	<i>R. W. Emerson</i>	139
6.	Columbus	<i>Joaquin Miller</i>	140

GRADE VI.

FALL TERM.

1.	The Coral Grove	<i>Percival</i>	143
2.	A Psalm of Life	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	144
3.	Polonius' Advice	<i>Shakespeare</i>	146
4.	O Little Town of Bethlehem	<i>Phillips Brooks</i>	147

WINTER TERM.

1.	The Snow-Shower	<i>W. C. Bryant.</i>	148
2.	The Hurricane	<i>W. C. Bryant.</i>	150
3.	At Sea	<i>Allan Cunningham</i>	153

SPRING TERM.

1.	The Mayflowers	<i>J. G. Whittier</i>	154
2.	Slavery	<i>W. Cowper</i>	155
3.	Decoration Day	<i>S. F. Smith</i>	157
4.	The Builders	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i> . . .	158

NATIONAL SONGS.

1.	Battle Cry of Freedom	<i>Julia Ward Howe</i> . . .	160
2.	Hail Columbia	<i>J. Hopkinson</i>	162

FOLK SONG.

1.	Auld Lang Syne	<i>Robert Burns</i>	164
----	--------------------------	-----------------------------	-----

SUPPLEMENTARY POEMS.

1.	Find a Way or Make It	<i>John G. Saxe</i>	166
2.	Independence Bell	<i>Anon.</i>	167
3.	Old Ironsides	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i>	170
4.	Burial of Sir John Moore . . .	<i>Charles Wolfe</i>	171
5.	The Rainbow	<i>Thomas Campbell</i> . . .	173

BOOK III

GRADE VII.

FALL TERM.

1.	The Clôud	<i>Shelley.</i>	175
2.	Ivy Green	<i>C. Dickens</i>	178
3.	The Bells of Shandon	<i>Mahoney</i>	180
4.	Christmas Song	<i>Phillips Brooks</i>	181

WINTER TERM.

1.	Three Words of Strength . . .	<i>Schiller</i>	183
2.	Love of Country	<i>Scott</i>	184
3.	O Captain! My Captain . . .	<i>Walt Whitman</i>	184
4.	The Eagle	<i>Tennyson</i>	186

SPRING TERM.

1.	The Concord Fight	<i>R. W. Emerson</i>	186
2.	The American Flag	<i>Joseph R. Drake</i> . . .	187
3.	Warren's Address	<i>Pierpont</i>	190
4.	A Day in June	<i>J. R. Lowell</i>	191
5.	Apple Blossoms	<i>Anon.</i>	193

NATIONAL SONG.

1.	Watch on the Rhine	<i>Max Schneckenburger</i> .	195
----	------------------------------	------------------------------	-----

FOLK SONGS.

1.	Dixie Land	<i>D. D. Emmett</i>	196
2.	Oft in the Stilly Night	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	196

SUPPLEMENTARY POEMS.

1.	Gradatim	<i>J. G. Holland</i>	198
2.	The Trailing Arbutus	<i>J. G. Whittier</i>	199

3.	The Seminole's Defiance	<i>G. W. Patten</i>	200
4.	The Chambered Nautilus	<i>O. W. Holmes</i>	201
5.	Sheridan's Ride	<i>T. B. Read</i>	203
6.	Charge of the Light Brigade	<i>Tennyson</i>	206

GRADES VIII & IX.

FALL TERM.

1.	Each and All	<i>R. W. Emerson</i>	209
2.	Autumn Woods	<i>W. C. Bryant</i>	210
3.	The Castle by the Sea	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	212
4.	Christmas	<i>Sir Walter Scott</i>	213

WINTER TERM.

1.	The Snow Storm	<i>R. W. Emerson</i>	215
2.	Alexander Selkirk	<i>W. Cowper</i>	216
3.	Recessional	<i>Rudyard Kipling</i>	218
4.	March	<i>W. C. Bryant</i>	219

SPRING TERM.

1.	Flowers	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	220
2.	We See Dimly in the Present	<i>J. R. Lowell</i>	223
3.	Rhodora	<i>R. W. Emerson</i>	225
4.	Daffodils	<i>W. Wordsworth</i>	225

NATIONAL SONGS.

1.	Hymn of the Marseillaise	<i>Rouget de L'Isle</i>	227
2.	Men of Harlech	<i>William Duthrie</i>	229

FOLK SONG.

3.	Home, Sweet Home.	<i>John Howard Payne</i>	230
----	---------------------------	----------------------------------	-----

SUPPLEMENTARY POEMS.

1.	The Bridge	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	232
2.	Marco Bozzaris	<i>Fitz-Green Halleck</i>	234
3.	Ode on Immortality	<i>W. Wordsworth</i>	239
4.	One Sweetly Solemn Thought.	<i>Phæbe Cary</i>	242
5.	Hohenlinden	<i>Thomas Campbell</i>	243
6.	November	<i>Thomas Hood</i>	244
7.	The Eve of Waterloo	<i>Lord Byron</i>	245
8.	The Revolutionary Rising	<i>T. B. Read</i>	248
9.	The Ocean	<i>Byron</i>	252

SUPPLEMENTARY SONGS.

NATIONAL SONGS.

Tenting on the Old Camp Ground (Grade V)	<i>Kittredge</i>	255
Memorial Day (Grade VII)	<i>S. F. Smith</i>	257
Soldier's Farewell (Grade VIII)	<i>From the German</i>	258

FOLK SONGS.

The Shamrock of Ireland (Grade I)	<i>Andrew Cherry</i>	259
Juanita (Grade V)	<i>Mrs. Norton</i>	260

DIRECTIONS FOR THE MEMORY WORK

These selections are some of the most beautiful pieces of literature in the English language, and should not be spoiled by careless treatment.

The teacher should study them and learn to read them in a charming way. Do not allow the pupils to repeat them with the wrong emphasis or with slovenly articulation or sing-song rhythm. Have little concert work above the third grade, and by no means all concert work in the primary grades. Make use of these selections often at the opening exercises of the school, by asking one or two pupils to step to the platform and recite a complete poem. In order to ascertain the progress of the classes in committing the lines, have them written as writing lessons. Do not desecrate these poems by making a grammar or language lesson out of them. In fact, nothing disagreeable should ever be allowed to occur in connection with this work. Make it a pleasure and a privilege for the pupils to be *allowed* to repeat the poems. The whole responsibility rests with the teacher. It will be remembered that generally more selections are given than may be needed and therefore the teachers will have a chance to suit their individual liking, to a certain extent. Three or four a term are considered sufficient for each grade, and in the mixed grades, a judicious selection from the lists may be used.

The poems are arranged with reference to the season of the year. The teacher should look over the work for the term *carefully* and *plan* the selections accordingly.

The pupils should know the name of the author of the poem they are learning, and the teacher should tell some of the *interesting* incidents in the life of each author.

Teach no poems *ahead* of the *term* and *year* for which they are planned, but *back* poems may be used if desired.

THE WIND

Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you;
But when the leaves hang trembling
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I;
But when the trees bow down their heads
The wind is passing by.

— *Christina G. Rossetti*

THE LOST DOLL

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled;
And I lost my sweet little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day,
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,

GRADE I

FALL TERM

For her paint is all washed away;
And her arms trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled;
Yet for old sake's sake she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

— *Charles Kingsley*

WHEN SANTA CLAUS COMES

Merrily, merrily, merrily O!
The reindeer prance across the snow;
We hear their tinkling silver bells,
Whose merry music softly tells
Old Santa Claus is coming.

Merrily, merrily, merrily O!
The evergreens in the woodland grow;
They rustle gently in the breeze;
O, don't you think the Christmas trees
Know Santa Claus is coming?

Merrily, merrily, merrily, O!
We've hung our stockings in a row,
Into our beds we'll softly creep,
Just shut our eyes and go to sleep,
And wait — for Santa Claus is coming.

— *Anon.*

WINTER TERM

THE NEW MOON

Dear Mother, how pretty the moon looks to-night!

She was never so pretty before;
Her two little horns are so sharp and so bright,
I hope she'll not grow any more.

If I were up there, with you and my friends,
I'd rock in it nicely, you'd see;
I'd sit in the middle and hold by both ends;
O what a bright cradle 'twould be!

We'd call to the stars to keep out of the way,
Lest we should rock over their toes;
And there we would rock till the dawn of the day
And see where the pretty moon goes.

And there we would stay in the beautiful skies,
And through the bright clouds we would roam;
We would see the sun set, and see the sun rise,
And on the next rainbow come home.

—*Eliza Follen*

GRADE I

WINTER TERM

MY SHADOW

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with
me,

And what can be the use of him is more than I
can see.

He is very, very like me from the heels up to the
head;

And I see him jump before me, when I jump into
my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to
grow —

Not at all like proper children, which is always
very slow,

For he sometimes shoots up taller like an India-
rubber ball,

And he sometimes gets so little that there's none
of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of
way.

He stays so close beside me, he's a coward, you can
see;

I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow
sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every butter-
cup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast
asleep in bed.

— *R. L. Stevenson*

THE RAINDROPS' RIDE

Some little drops of water
Whose home was in the sea,
To go upon a journey
Once happened to agree.

A white cloud was their carriage;
Their horse, a playful breeze;
And over town and country
They rode along at ease.

But, oh! there were so many,
At last the carriage broke,
And to the ground came tumbling
Those frightened little folk.

Among the grass and flowers
They then were forced to roam,
Until a brooklet found them
And carried them all home.

— *Anon.*

TWINKLE TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR

Twinkle, twinkle, little star!
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the glorious sun is set,
When the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

In the dark-blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep,
For you never shut your eye,
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Guides the traveller in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star!

— *Jane Taylor*

SPRING TERM

THE SWING

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside —

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown —
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!

— *R. L. Stevenson*

THE SECRET

We have a secret — just we three,
The robin and I and the sweet cherry tree.
The bird told the tree and the tree told me;
And nobody knows but just us three.

Of course the robin knows it best,
Because she built — I sha'n't tell the rest —
And laid the four little somethings in it —
I'm afraid I shall tell it every minute!

But if the birds and the trees don't peep,
I'll try my best the secret to keep;
But of course, when the little birds fly about,
Then the whole secret will be out!

—*Anon.*

THE DANDELION

O dandelion, yellow as gold,
What do you do all day?
I just wait and wait in the tall green grass
Till the children come to play.

O dandelion, yellow as gold,
What do you do all night?
I wait and wait till the cool dews fall,
And my hair grows long and white.

And what do you do when your hair is white,
And the children come to play?
They take me up in their dimpled hands,
And blow my hair away.

—*Anon.*

GRADE I

SPRING TERM

ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION

Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the
dove,

The linnet and thrush say, "I love! and I love!"

In the winter they're silent — the wind is so strong;

What it says, I don't know, but it sings a loud song.

But green leaves and blossoms and sunny warm
weather

And singing and loving — all come back together.

But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,

The green fields below him, the blue sky above,

That he sings, and he sings; and forever sings he —

"I love my Love, and my Love loves me!"

— *Samuel Taylor Coleridge*

GRADE I

NATIONAL SONGS

NATIONAL SONGS

AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee,

Sweet land of Liberty,

Of thee I sing;

Land where my fathers died,

Land of the pilgrim's pride,

From every mountain-side

Let Freedom ring.

GRADE I

NATIONAL SONGS

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free —
 Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
 Sweet Freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break —
 The sound prolong.

Our father's God, to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
 To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God, our King.

— *S. F. Smith*

YANKEE DOODLE

Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Cap'n Goodin,'
And there we saw the men and boys
As thick as hasty pudding.

Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there we see a thousand men,
As rich as Squire David;
And what they wasted ev'ry day,
I wish it could be saved.

The 'lasses they eat ev'ry day,
Would keep a house in winter;
They have so much that, I'll be bound,
They eat it when they've mind ter.

And there I see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a deuced little cart,
A load for father's cattle.

GRADE I

NATIONAL SONGS

And every time they shoot it off,
It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

I went as nigh to one myself,
As 'Siah's underpinning;
And father went as nigh agin,
I thought the deuce was in him.

Cousin Simon grew so bold,
I thought he would have cocked it;
It scared me so I shrinked it off
And hung by father's pocket.

And Cap'n Davis had a gun,
He kind of clapt his hand on't,
And stuck a crooked stabbing iron
Upon the little end on't.

And there I see a pumpkin shell
As big as mother's basin;
And every time they touched it off
They scampered like the nation.

I see a little barrel too,
The heads were made of leather;

GRADE I

NATIONAL SONGS

They knocked upon 't with little clubs
And called the folks together.

And there was Cap'n Washington,
And gentlefolks about him;
They say he's grown so 'tarnal proud,
He will not ride without 'em.

He got him on his meeting clothes
Upon a slapping stallion,
He set the world along in rows,
In hundreds and in millions.

The flaming ribbons in his hat,
They looked so taring fine, ah!
I wanted dreadfully to get
To give to my *Jemima*.

I see another snarl of men
A digging graves, they told me,
So 'tarnal long, so 'tarnal deep,
They 'tended they should hold me.

It scared me so I hooked it off,
Nor stopped, as I remember,
Nor turned about till I got home,
Locked up in mother's chamber.

— *Richard Shuckburg*

FOLK SONG

SWEET AND LOW

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
 Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
 Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go;
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
 Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest;
 Father will come to thee soon.
Rest, rest on mother's breast;
 Father will come to thee soon.
Father will come to his babe in the nest;
Silver sails all out of the west.
 Under the silver moon;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep!
 —*Alfred Tennyson*

SUPPLEMENTARY POEMS**THE MOON**

O look at the moon!
She is shining up there;
O mother, she looks
Like a lamp in the air!

Last week she was smaller,
And shaped like a bow;
But now she's grown bigger,
And round like an O.

Pretty moon, pretty moon,
How you shine on the door,
And make it all bright
On my nursery floor!

You shine on my playthings,
And show me their place;
And I love to look up
At your pretty, bright face.

And there is a star
Close by you; and may be
That small twinkling star
Is your little baby.

— *Eliza Follen*

GRADE I

SUPPLEMENTARY POEMS

THE COW

The friendly cow all red and white,
I love with all my heart;
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple-tart.

She wanders lowing here and there,
And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant open air,
The pleasant light of day;

And blown by all the winds that pass
And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow grass
And eats the meadow flowers.

— *R. L. Stevenson*

LITTLE JACK FROST

Little Jack Frost went up the hill,
Watching the stars and moon so still,
Watching the stars and moon so bright,
And laughing aloud with all his might.
Little Jack Frost ran down the hill,
Late in the night when the winds were still,
Late in the Fall when the leaves came down,
Red and yellow and faded brown.

GRADE I

SUPPLEMENTARY POEMS

Little Jack Frost walked through the trees,
"Ah," sighed the flowers, "We freeze, we freeze."
"Ah," sighed the grasses, "Jack Frost is nigh."
Said Little Jack Frost, "Good-bye, good-bye."
Little Jack Frost tripped round and round,
Spreading white snow on the frozen ground,
Nipping the breezes, icing the streams,
Chilling the warmth of the sun's bright beams.

But when Dame Nature brought the Spring,
Brought the birds to chirp and sing,
Melted the snow and warmed the sky,
Little Jack Frost went pouting by.
The flowers opened their eyes of blue,
Green buds peeped out and grasses grew,
It was so warm and scorched him so,
Little Jack Frost was glad to go.—*Anon.*

THE FAIRY ARTIST

Oh, there is a little artist
Who paints in the cold night hours,
Pictures for little children
Of wondrous trees and flowers!

Pictures of rushing rivers
By fairy bridges spanned;
Bits of beautiful landscape
Copied from elfin land.

GRADE I

SUPPLEMENTARY POEMS

The moon is the lamp he paints by,
His canvas, the window-pane,
His brush is a frozen snowflake,
Jack Frost is the artist's name.

—Anon.

DANDELION

He is a roguish little elf,
A gay audacious fellow,
Who tramps about in doublet green
And skirt of brightest yellow;
In ev'ry field, by ev'ry road,
He peeps among the grasses,
And shows his sunny little face
To ev'ry one that passes.

Within the churchyard he is seen,
Beside the headstones peeping,
And shining like a golden star
O'er some still form that's sleeping;
Beside the house door oft he springs
In all his wanton straying,
And children shout in laughing glee
To find him in their playing.

GRADE I

SUPPLEMENTARY POEMS

At eve he dons his nightgown green,
And goes to bed right early,
At morn he spreads his yellow skirts
To catch the dewdrops pearly;
A darling elf is Dandelion,
A roguish wanton sweetening;
Yet he is loved by ev'ry child,
All give him joyous greeting.

— *Kate L. Brown*

GRADE II

FALL TERM

THE WIND AND THE LEAVES

“Come, little leaves,” said the wind one day.
“Come o’er the meadows with me, and play;
Put on your dresses of red and gold —
Summer is gone, and the days grow cold.”

Soon as the leaves heard the wind’s loud call,
Down they came fluttering, one and all;
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the soft little songs they knew.

Dancing and flying the little leaves went;
Winter had called them, and they were content.
Soon fast asleep in their earthy beds,
The snow laid a coverlet over their heads.

— *George Cooper*

FAREWELL TO THE FARM

The coach is at the door at last;
The eager children, mounting fast
And kissing hands, in chorus sing:
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

To house and garden, field and lawn,
The meadow gates we swang upon,
To pump and stable, tree and swing,
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

And fare you well for evermore,
O ladder at the hayloft door,
O hayloft where the cobwebs cling,
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

Crack goes the whip, and off we go;
The trees and houses smaller grow;
Last, round the woody turn we swing;
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

— *R. L. Stevenson*

LITTLE RAINDROPS

Oh! where do you come from,
You little drops of rain;
Pitter patter, pitter patter,
Down the window-pane?

They don't let me walk,
And they won't let me play,
And they won't let me go
Out-of-doors at all to-day.

They put away my playthings
Because I broke them all,
And they locked up all my bricks,
And took away my ball.

Tell me, little raindrops,
Is that the way you play,
Pitter patter, pitter patter,
All the rainy day?

They say I'm very naughty,
But I've nothing else to do
But sit here at the window;
I should like to play with you.

The little raindrops cannot speak;
But "pitter, patter, pat"
Means, "We can play on this side,
Why can't you play on that?"
—*Louise Colton*

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

The Shepherds had an Angel,
The Wise Men had a star,
But what have I, a little child,
To guide me home from far,
Where glad stars sing together
And singing angels are?

GRADE II

FALL TERM

The Wise Men left their country
To journey morn by morn,
With gold and frankincense and myrrh,
Because the Lord was born:
God sent a star to guide them
And sent a dream to warn.

My life is like their journey,
Their star is like God's book;
I must be like those good Wise Men
With heavenward heart and look:
But shall I give no gifts to God?—
What precious gifts they took!
—*Christina G. Rossetti*

GRADE II

WINTER TERM

WINTER TERM**THE WIND**

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass —
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

GRADE II

WINTER TERM

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all —
 O wind, a-blowing all day long,
 O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
 O wind, a-blowing all day long,
 O wind, that sings so loud a song!
 — *R. L. Stevenson*

YOUNG NIGHT THOUGHT

All night long and every night,
When my mamma puts out the light,
I see the people marching by,
As plain as day, before my eye.

Armies and emperors and kings,
All carrying different kinds of things,
And marching in so grand a way,
You never saw the like by day.

So fine a show was never seen
At the great circus on the green;
For every kind of beast and man
Is marching in that caravan.

At first they move a little slow,
But still the faster on they go,
And still beside them close I keep
Until we reach the Town of Sleep.

— *R. L. Stevenson*

THE LAND OF NOD

From breakfast on through all the day
At home among my friends I stay,
But every night I go abroad
Afar into the Land of Nod.

All by myself I have to go,
With none to tell me what to do —
All alone beside the streams
And up the mountain-sides of dreams.

The strangest things are there for me,
Both things to eat and things to see,
And many frightening sights abroad,
Till morning in the Land of Nod.

Try as I like to find the way,
I never can get back by day,
Nor can remember plain and clear
The curious music that I hear.

— *R. L. Stevenson*

A RIDDLE

There is a little giant
Of wondrous power and skill,
Who can paint a dainty landscape
Or bridge a lake at will.

He can make each little flower
Bow its dainty head;
The bright green leaves, when he goes by,
Turn yellow, brown, and red.

He can pile the ice in mountains,
Or shape a crystal feather;
He can break the rocks in pieces,
Or bring the wintry weather.

But if you wish this giant
To turn and run away,
Just build a little fire,
Or bring a sunny day. — *Anon.*

SPRING TERM

DAISIES

At evening when I go to bed
I see the stars shine overhead;
They are the little daisies white
That dot the meadow of the Night.

And often while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the Moon will go;
It is a lady, sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For, when at morning I arise,
There's not a star left in the skies;
She's picked them all and dropped them down
Into the meadows of the town.

—*Frank Dempster Sherman*

DANDELION

There's a dandy little fellow,
Who dresses all in yellow,
In yellow with an overcoat of green;
With his hair all crisp and curly,
In the springtime bright and early
A-tripping o'er the meadow he is seen.

Through all the bright June weather,
Like a jolly little tramp,
 He wanders o'er the hillside, down the road:
Around his yellow feather,
The gypsy fireflies camp;
 His companions are the wood lark and the toad.

But at last this little fellow
Doffs his dainty coat of yellow,
 And very feebly totters o'er the green;
For he very old is growing
And with hair all white and flowing,
 A-nodding in the sunlight he is seen.
Oh, poor dandy, once so spandy,
 Golden dancer on the lea!
Older growing, white hair flowing,
 Poor little baldhead dandy now is he!

— *N. Garabrant*

THE TREE

The Tree's early leaf-buds were bursting their brown:
"Shall I take them away?" said the Frost, sweeping
 down.

 "No, let them alone
 Till the blossoms have grown,"
Prayed the Tree, while it trembled from rootlet to
 crown.

GRADE II

SPRING TERM

The Tree bore its blossoms and all the birds sung:
"Shall I take them away?" said the Wind, as it
swung.

"No, let them alone
Till the berries have grown,"
Said the Tree, while its leaflets, quivering, hung.

The Tree bore its fruit in the midsummer glow:
Said the girl, "May I gather thy sweet berries now?"

"Yes, all thou canst see:
Take them; all are for thee,"
Said the Tree, while it bent down its laden boughs
low.

— *B. Bjornson*

BED IN SUMMER

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

GRADE II

SPRING TERM

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

— *R. L. Stevenson*

GRADE II

NATIONAL SONG

NATIONAL SONG

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last
gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the clouds
of the fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly
streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in
air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still
there;
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave?

GRADE II

NATIONAL SONG

On that shore, dimly seen, thro' the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence
 reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering
 steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner! Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps'
 pollution.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home, and the war's desolation!
Blest with Victory and peace, may the heav'n-rescued
 land
Praise the Power that made and preserved us a
 nation.

GRADE II

NATIONAL SONG

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust!"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall
 wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
 — *Francis Scott Key*

GRADE II

FOLK SONGS

FOLK SONGS

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Way down upon the Swanee Ribber,
 Far, far away,
Dere 's wha my heart is turning ebber,
 Dere 's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation
 Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
 And for de old folks at home.

All de world am sad and dreary,
 Everywhere I roam;
Oh! darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
 Far from de old folks at home!

All round de little farm I wandered
 When I was young,
Den many happy days I squandered,
 Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder,
 Happy was I;
Oh, take me to my kind old mudder!
 Dere let me live and die.

One little hut among de bushes,
 One dat I love,
Still sadly to my memory rushes,
 No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a-humming
 All round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming
 Down in my good old home?

All de world am sad and dreary,
 Everywhere I roam;
Oh! darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
 Far from de old folks at home!

— *Foster*

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

Sleep my child, and peace attend thee,

All thro' the night;

Guardian angels God will send thee

All thro' the night.

Soft the drowsy hours are creeping,

Hill and vale in slumber steeping,

I my loving vigil keeping,

All thro' the night.

While the moon her watch is keeping,

All thro' the night;

While the weary world is sleeping,

All thro' the night.

O'er thy spirit gently stealing,

Visions of delight revealing,

Breathes a pure and holy feeling,

All thro' the night.

Hark, a solemn bell is ringing,

Clear thro' the night;

Thou, my love, art heav'n-ward winging.

Home thro' the night.

Earthly dust from off thee shaken,

By good angels art thou taken,

Soul immortal thou shalt waken,

Home thro' the night.— *Old Welsh*

OLD GRIMES

Old Grimes is dead; that good old man,
We ne'er shall see him more;
He used to wear a long, black coat,
All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true;
His hair was some inclined to gray,
He wore it in a queue.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true;
His coat had pocket-holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert;
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse,
Was sociable and gay;
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

GRADE II

FOLK SONGS

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view,
Nor make a noise town-meeting days,
As many people do.

His wordly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances,
But lived (as all his brothers do)
In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares
His peaceful moments ran;
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

—*A. G. Greene*

SUPPLEMENTARY POEMS**THE BOY AND THE SHEEP**

Lazy sheep, pray tell me why
In the pleasant fields you lie,
Eating grass and daisies white
From the morning till the night.
Everything has work to do;
None are idle — why are you?

“Nay, my little master, nay;
Do not serve me so, I pray;
Do you see the wool that grows
On my back to make your clothes?
Very cold would children be,
If they had no wool from me.

“True, it seems a pleasant thing,
Nipping daisies in the spring;
But what chilly nights I pass
On the cold and dewy grass!
Oft I pick my scanty fare
Where the ground is brown and bare.

“Then the farmer comes at last,
When the merry spring is past;
Cuts my woolly fleece away

GRADE II

SUPPLEMENTARY POEMS

For your coat in wintry day.
Little master, this is why
In the pleasant field I lie.”—*Jane Taylor*

GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORNING

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work and folded it right,
And said, “Dear work, good-night, good-night!”

Such a number of crows came over her head,
Crying “Caw, caw!” on their way to bed,
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
“Little black things, good-night, good-night!”

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,
The sheep’s “Bleat, bleat!” came over the road;
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
“Good little girl, good-night, good-night!”

She did not say to the sun, “Good-night!”
Though she saw him there like a ball of light;
For she knew he had God’s time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink fox-glove bowed his head;
The violets curtsied, and went to bed;

And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And, while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day;
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
“Good-morning, good-morning; our work is begun!”

—*Lord Houghton*

THE SONG OF THE THRUSH

There's a merry brown thrush sitting up in the tree:
He's singing to me! he's singing to me!

And what does he say, little girl, little boy?

“Oh, the world's running over with joy!

Don't you hear? Don't you see?

Hush! look! in my tree

I'm as happy as happy can be!”

And the brown thrush keeps singing, “A nest, do you see,

And five eggs hid by me in the juniper tree?

Don't meddle, don't touch, little girl, little boy,

Or the world will lose some of its joy!

Now I'm glad! now I'm free!

And I always shall be,

If you never bring sorrow to me.”

GRADE II

SUPPLEMENTARY POEMS

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree,
To you and to me, to you and to me;

And he sings all day, little girl, little boy:

“Oh, the world’s running over with joy!

But long it won’t be —

Don’t you know? don’t you see?

Unless we are as good as can be!”

— *Lucy Larcom*

APRIL

Good-morning, sweet April, so winsome and shy,
With a smile on your lip and a tear in your eye,
There are pretty hepaticas hid in your hair,
And bonny blue violets clustering there.

The spring beauties wake for the girls and the boys,
And the earth grows green without bustle or noise.
From tiny brown beds now wrapped fold upon fold,
The loveliest garlands will soon be unrolled.

Ah! welcome, sweet April, whose feet from the hills
Have walked down the valleys and crossed o’er the
rills;

The pearls that you bring us are dews and warm
showers,

And the hem of your garment is broidered with
flowers.

CLOVERS

The clovers have no time to play;
They feed the cows and make the hay,
They trim the lawn and help the bees
Until the sun shines through the trees.

And then they lay aside their cares,
And fold their hands to say their prayers,
And bow their tired little heads
And go to sleep in clover beds.

Then, when the day dawns clear and blue,
They wake and wash their hands in dew;
And as the sun climbs up the sky,
They hold them up and let them dry;
And then to work the livelong day,
For clovers have no time to play.

— *Helena Leeming Jelliffe*

GRADE III

FALL TERM

SEPTEMBER*

The goldenrod is yellow;
The corn is turning brown;
The trees and apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun;
In dusty pools the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.

The sedges flaunt their harvest,
In every meadow nook;
And asters by the brook-side
Make asters in the brook.

From dewy lanes at morning
The grapes' sweet odors rise;
At noon the roads all flutter
With yellow butterflies.

*From "Poems," by Helen Hunt Jackson. Copyright, 1892, by Roberts Brothers.

By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of weather,
And autumn's best of cheer.

— *Helen Hunt Jackson*

THE LITTLE LEAVES

"We must go," sighed little Ruby,
Orange, Topaz, Garnet, Gold;
"For the chilly breeze is calling,
And the year is growing old.
Good-bye, quiet, sunny meadow,
That we never more shall see;
Good-bye, winding brooks of silver,
Snow lambs and dear old tree —
Dear old loving mother tree."

From the branches down they fluttered
Like a rainbow scattered wide;
And the old tree looked so lonely,
That was once the woodland's pride;
But the wind came wildly piping,
And they danced in glee;
Ruby, Topaz, Garnet, Orange,
Soon forgot the poor old tree —
Poor old loving mother tree.

But when skies of drear November
Frowned upon their wild delight,
All the little leaves grew lonely,
And they wandered back one night,
And they nestled in a hollow
At the foot of the old tree,
Sighing, "All the long white winter
We shall now as quiet be,
Near our dear old mother tree."

— *George Cooper*

✓ THE CHILD AND THE BIRD

"Oh, where are you going, my dear little bird?
And why do you hurry away?
Not a leaf on the pretty red maple has stirred,
In the sweet golden sunshine to-day."

"I know, little maiden, the sunshine is bright,
And the leaves are asleep on the tree,
But three times the dream of a cold winter's night
Has come to my children and me.

"So, good-bye to you, darling, for off we must go,
To the land where the oranges bloom,
For we birdies would freeze in the storms and the
snow,
And forget how to sing in the gloom."

GRADE III

FALL TERM

“Will you ever come back to your own little nest?”

“Ah, yes, when the blossoms are here,
We’ll return to the orchard we all love the best,
And then we will sing to you, dear.”

—*Margaret Sangster*

CHRISTMAS EVERYWHERE

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!
Christmas in lands of the fir-tree and pine,
Christmas in lands of the palm-tree and vine,
Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white,
Christmas where cornfields lie sunny and bright!

Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,
Christmas where old men are patient and gray,
Christmas where peace, like a dove in his flight,
Broods o’er brave men in the thick of the fight,
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night.
For the Christ-Child who comes is the Master of all;
No palace too great and no cottage too small.

—*Phillips Brooks*

WINTER TERM

THE NEW YEAR

The New Year comes in the midnight hour
When the beautiful world is still,
And the moonlight falls in a silver stream
Over meadow and wood and hill.

We cannot hear the tread of his feet,
For so silently comes he;
But the ringing bells the good news tell
As they sound over land and sea.

Where'er he steps new joys upspring,
And hopes, that were lost or dim,
Grow sweet and strong in the golden hours,
That he everywhere bears with him.

He brings us snow from the fleecy clouds;
He sends us the springtime showers;
He gladdens our world with the light of love
And fills its lap with flowers.

Some day, as softly as he came,
He will pass through the open door,
And we who sing at his coming now
Will never see him more.— *Zetterberg*

SNOWFLAKES

Out of the sky they come,
Wandering down the air,
Some to the roofs, and some
Whiten the branches bare;

Some in the empty nest,
Some on the ground below,
Until the world is dressed
All in a gown of snow;

Dressed in a fleecy gown
Out of the snowflakes spun;
Wearing a golden crown,
Over her head the sun.

Out of the sky again
Ghosts of the flowers that died
Visit the earth, and then
Under the white drifts hide.

— *Frank Dempster Sherman*

THE MOON

The moon has a face like the clock in the hall;
She shines on thieves on the garden wall,
On streets and fields and harbor quays,
And birdies asleep in the forks of the trees.

GRADE III

WINTER TERM

The squalling cat and the squeaking mouse,
The howling dog by the door of the house,
The bat that lies in bed at noon,
All love to be out by the light of the moon.

But all of the things that belong to the day
Cuddle to sleep to be out of her way;
And flowers and children close their eyes
Till up in the morning the sun shall arise.

— *R. L. Stevenson*

THE SKY BRIDGE

Boats sail on the rivers,
Ships sail on the seas;
But the clouds that sail across the sky
Are prettier far than these.

There are bridges on the rivers
As pretty as you please,
But the bow that bridges heaven,
And overtops the trees,
And builds a bridge from earth to sky
Is prettier far than these.

— *Christina G. Rossetti*

SPRING TERM

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT

The Owl and the Pussy Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat:
They took some honey and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a fine-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above
And sang to a small guitar.
“O lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are,
What a beautiful Pussy you are!”

Pussy said to the Owl, “You elegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing!
Oh, let us be married; too long we have tarried;
But what shall we do for a ring?”
They sailed away for a year and a day,
To the land where the bong tree grows;
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

GRADE III

SPRING TERM

“Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?” said the Piggy, “I will.”
So they took it away and were married next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

—*Edward Lear*

SEVEN TIMES ONE

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven;
I've said my “seven times” over and over,
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better —
They are only one times one.

O Moon! In the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low;
You were bright, ah, bright! but your light is failing—
You are nothing now but a bow.

You Moon, have you done something wrong in
heaven,

That God has hidden your face?

I hope if you have, you will soon be forgiven,

And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow;

You've powdered your legs with gold!

O brave marshmary buds, rich and yellow,

Give me your money to hold!

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,

Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!

O cuckoopint, toll me the purple clapper

That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest, with the young ones in it —

I will not steal it away;

I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet —

I am seven times one to-day.— *Jean Ingelow*



THE RUNAWAYS

I found a little brook one day —

That baby brook had run away;

'Twas just as wide as my two hands;

It skipped along o'er yellow sands,

And oh, 'twas full of fun and play,

GRADE III

SPRING TERM

The little brook than ran away.
The baby clovers bent to look
And see their faces in my brook;
Now some wore bonnets, red I think,
And some, white bonnets, tipped with pink.
Their coats were green as green could be,
They nodded slow and grave at me.
A birdie came with yellow bill,
He dipped his head and drank his fill;
Then winked at me with shining eye,
Then splashed the crystal drops on high,
Then smoothed his feathers one by one
Until they glistened in the sun.
I saw a grave old turtle pass
With crawling steps across the grass;
A crow cawed from the pine trees high,
A hawk was circling in the sky,
And sunning on some mossy logs,
I counted seven green-coated frogs.
The brook and I — we sang a song,
The summer hours were none too long;
The sun crept westward through the sky —
I said, "Dear little brook, good-by!"
Then thought, "Oh, what will mother say!"
You see — I, too, had run away!

— *Kate L. Brown*



THE BLUEBIRD

I know the song that the bluebird is singing,
Up in the apple tree where he is swinging.
Brave little fellow! the skies may look dreary —
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat!
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
Listen awhile and you'll hear what he's saying,
Up in the apple tree swinging and swaying.

“Dear little blossoms down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know;
Hark, while I sing you a message of cheer!
Summer is coming, and springtime is here!
Little white snowdrop, I pray you, arise;
Bright yellow crocus, come open your eyes;
Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,
Put on your mantel of purple and gold!
Daffodils! daffodils! say, do you hear?
Summer is coming, and springtime is here!”

— *Emily H. Miller*

NATIONAL SONG

THE AMERICAN HYMN

Speed our Republic, O Father on high!
Lead us in pathways of justice and right;
Rulers, as well as the ruled, "One and all,"
Girdle with virtue the armor of might!

Chorus

Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!
Rulers as well as the ruled, "One and all,"
Girdle with virtue the armor of might!
Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!

Foremost in battle for Freedom to stand,
We rush to arms when aroused by its call;
Still as of yore, when George Washington led,
Thunders our war cry: We conquer or fall!

Chorus

Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!
Still as of yore when George Washington led,
Thunders our war cry: we conquer or fall!
Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!

GRADE III

NATIONAL SONG

Faithful and honest to friend and to foe —
Willing to die in humanity's cause —
Thus we defy all tyrannical pow'r,
While we contend for our Union and laws!

Chorus

Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!
Thus we defy all tyrannical pow'r,
While we contend for our Union and laws!
Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!

Rise up, proud eagle, rise up to the clouds,
Spread thy broad wings o'er this fair western
world,
Fling from thy beak our dear banner of old,
Show that it still is for freedom unfurl'd!

Chorus

Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!
Fling from thy beak our dear banner of old,
Show that it still is for freedom unfurl'd!
Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!
— *M. Kellar*

FOLK SONGS**MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME**

The sun shines bright in the Old Kentucky home;
 'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corn-top's ripe, and the meadow's in the bloom,
 While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
 All merry, all happy and bright;
By'm by, hard times comes a-knockin' at the door:—
 Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

Weep no more, my lady,
 O, weep no more to-day!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
 For the old Kentucky home, far away.

They hunt no more for the 'possum and the coon
 On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
 On the bench by the old cabin door.
The days go by like a shadow o'er the heart,
 With sorrow where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkies have to part:
 Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

GRADE III

FOLK SONGS

The head must bow and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darky may go;
A few more days, and the trouble all will end,
In the fields where the sugar-canes grow:
A few more days for to tote the weary load —
No matter, 't will never be light;
A few more days till we totter on the road;
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

Weep no more, my lady,
O, weep no more to-day!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home, far away.

— *Foster*

AFTON WATER

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds through the
glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

GRADE III

FOLK SONGS

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
Far marked with the courses of clear winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As, gathering sweet flowrets, she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

— *Robert Burns*

SUPPLEMENTARY POEMS**THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH**

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

GRADE III

SUPPLEMENTARY POEMS

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling — rejoicing — sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped,
Each burning deed and thought.

— *Henry W. Longfellow*

HURRAH FOR THE FLAG!

There are many flags in many lands,
There are flags of every hue,
But there is no flag however grand,
Like our own "Red, White, and Blue."

I know where the prettiest colors are,
And I'm sure if I only knew
How to get them here I could make a flag
Of glorious "Red, White, and Blue."

I would cut a piece from an evening sky,
Where the stars were shining through.
And use it just as it was on high,
For my stars and field of blue.

GRADE III

SUPPLEMENTARY POEMS

Then I'd want a part of a fleecy cloud,
And some red from a rainbow bright,
And put them together side by side,
For my stripes of red and white.

We shall always love the "Stars and Stripes"
And we mean to be ever true
To this land of ours and the dear old flag,
The Red, the White, and the Blue.

Then hurrah for the flag! our country's flag,
Its stripes and white stars too;
There is no flag in any land
Like our own "Red, White, and Blue."

—*Mary Howlison*

A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF GOD

They say that God lives very high!
But if you look above the pines
You cannot see our God. And why?

And if you dig down in the mines,
You never see Him in the gold,
Though from Him all that's glory shines.

God is so good, He wears a fold
Of heaven and earth across His face —
Like secrets kept or love untold.

But still I feel that His embrace
Slides down by thrills, through all things made,
Through sight and sound of every place:

As if my tender mother laid
On my shut lids her kisses' pressure,
Half waking me at night; and said,
"Who kissed you through the dark, dear guesser?"

— *Elizabeth Barrett Browning*

A WINTER SONG

Hurrah for the jolly old winter,
The King of the season is he,
Though his breath is cold and icy,
His heart is full of glee.
He oils up the beautiful snowflakes
On the apple trees bare and brown,
And laughs when the north wind shakes them,
Like a shower of blossoms down.

Hurrah for the jolly old winter,
Who shouts at the door by night,
"Come out where the ice is gleaming
Like steel in the cold moonlight."
Like swallows over the water
The skaters merrily go,
There's health in the blustering breezes,
And joy in the beautiful snow.

— *Emily Huntington Miller*

JACK FROST

Some one has been in the garden,
Nipping the flowers so fair;
All the green leaves are withered;
Now, who do you think has been there?

Some one has been in the forest,
Cracking the chestnut burrs;
Who is it dropping the chestnuts,
Whenever a light wind stirs?

Some one has been on the hilltop,
Chipping the moss-covered rocks;
Who has been cracking and breaking
Them into fragments and blocks?

Some one has been at the windows,
Marking on every pane;
Who made those glittering pictures
Of lace-work, fir-trees, and grain?

Some one is all the time working
Out on the pond so blue,
Bridging it over with crystals;
Who is it, now? Can you tell who?

While his good bridge he is building,
We will keep guard at the gate;
And when he has it all finished,
Hurrah for the boys that can skate!

Let him work on: we are ready;
Not much for our fun does it cost!
Three cheers for the bridge he is making!
And three, with a will, for Jack Frost!
—*Selected*

THE RAINBOW FAIRIES

Two little clouds one summer day
Went flying through the sky.
They went so fast they bumped their heads,
And both began to cry.
Old Father Sun looked out and said,
“Oh, never mind, my dears,
I'll send my little fairy folk
To dry your falling tears.”
One fairy came in violet,
And one in indigo,
In blue, green, orange, red —
They made a pretty row.
They wiped the cloud tears all away,
And then from out the sky,
Upon a line the sunbeam made
They hung their gowns to dry.

— *Lizzie M. Hadley*

LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE *

Little Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay;
An' wash the cups and saucers up, an' brush the
 crumbs away,
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the
 hearth, an' sweep,
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her
 board an' keep;
An' all us other children, when the supper things is
 done,
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest
 fun,
A-list'nin' to the witch tales 'at Annie tells about,
An the Gobble-uns 'at gits you
 Ef you
 Don't
 Watch
 Out!

Onc't they was a little boy who wouldn't say his
 pray'rs —
An' when he went to bed at night, away upstairs,
His mammy heerd him holler, an' his daddy heerd
 him bawl,

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Company.

GRADE III

SUPPLEMENTARY POEMS

An' when they turn't the kivvers down, he wasn't
there at all!

An they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-
hole, an' press,

An' seeked him up the chimbly flue, an' ever' wheres,
I guess,

But all they ever found was thist his pants an' round-
about!

An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
An' make fun of ever'one an' all her blood-an'-
kin;

An' onc't when they was "company," an' ole folks was
there,

She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said she didn't
care!

An' thist as she kicked her heels an' turn't to run an'
hide,

They was two great big Black Things a-standin' by
her side,

GRADE III

SUPPLEMENTARY POEMS

An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she
 knowed what she's about!

An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you

 Ef you

 Don't

 Watch

 Out!

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is
 blue,

An' the lamp wick sputters, an the wind goes woo-oo!

An' you hear the cricket quit, an' the moon is gray,

An' the light'nin' bugs in dew is all squenched away—

You better mind yer parents, an yer teachers fond
 an' dear,

An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the Orphant's
 tear,

An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,

Er the Gobble-uns 'll git you

 Ef you

 Don't

 Watch

 Out!

— *James W. Riley*

THE TREE, THE NEST, AND THE EGGS

There was a tree stood in the ground,
The prettiest tree you ever did see,
With the green grass growing all around.

Now in this tree there was a branch,
The prettiest branch you ever did see —
The branch on the tree and the tree in the ground,
And the green grass growing all around.

Now on this branch there was a nest,
The prettiest nest you ever did see —
The nest on the branch and the branch on the tree.
And the tree in the ground,
And the green grass growing all around.

Now in this nest there were some eggs,
The prettiest eggs you ever did see —
The eggs in the nest and the nest on the branch,
The branch on the tree and the tree in the ground,
And the green grass growing all around.

— *Anon.*

GRADE III

SUPPLEMENTARY POEMS

FOUR LEAF CLOVER *

I know a place where the sun is like gold,
And the daisy blooms burst with snow;
And down underneath is the loveliest nook,
Where the four leaf clovers grow.

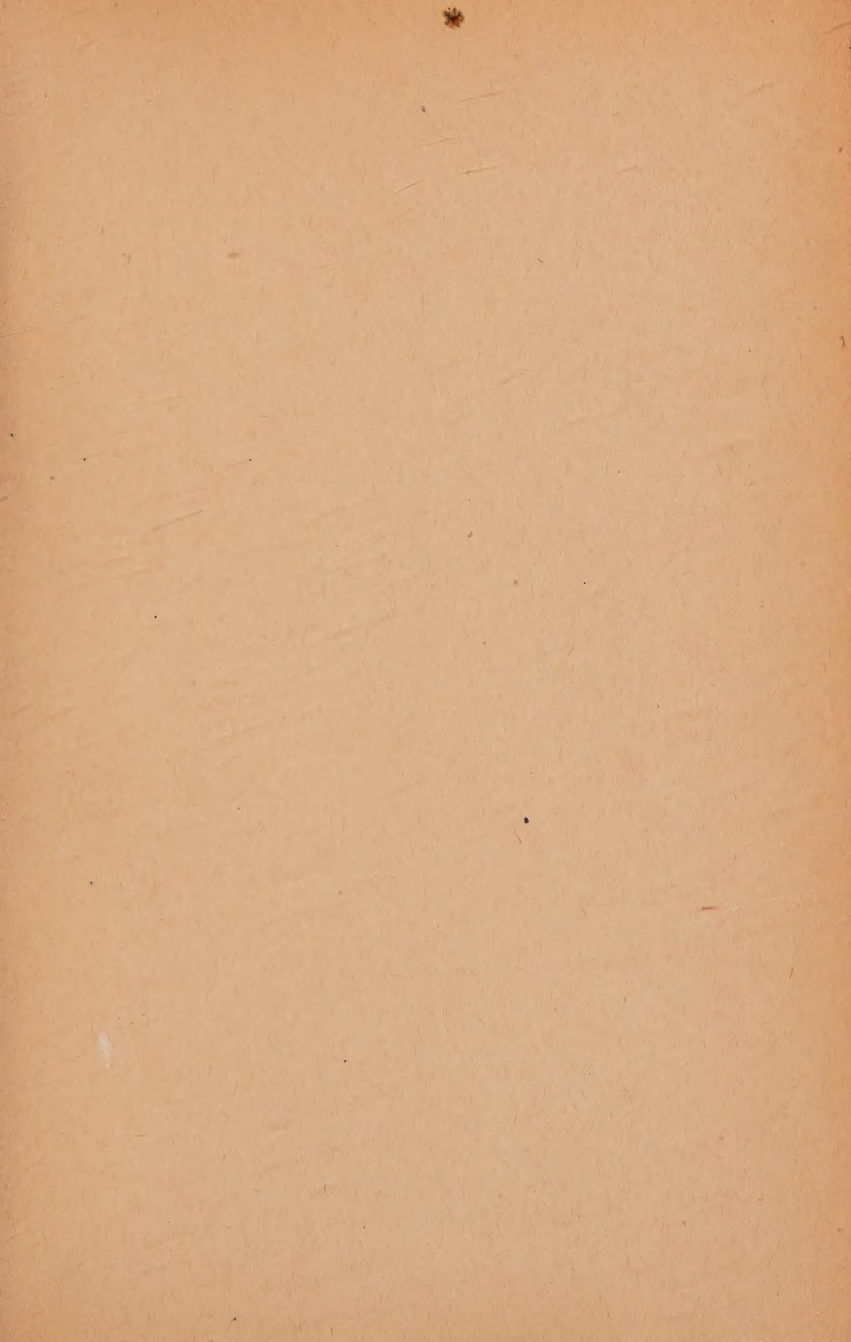
One leaf is for hope and one is for faith,
And one is for love, you know,
But God put another in for luck —
If you search, you will find where they grow.

But you must have hope and you must have faith,
You must love and be strong, and so,
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place
Where the four leaf clovers grow.

—*Ella Higginson*

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The New Year p. 47

The Runaways (Brooks) p. 52

The Bluebird p. 54

A Winter Song p. 64

The Child and the Bird p. 45



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